

Miss Munson as "Southern Motherhood," a statue by Allen Newman for the State Capitol at Charleston, South Carolina. Although the figure is much less covered than in the Chu Chin Chow exhibit, the draperies and pose give it nobility and take away all suggestion of the unclad.

By the "Queen of the Studios"

The Story of Audrey Munson—Intimate the Most Perfect, Most Versatile, Most Face and Figure Have Inspired Thousands Modern Masterpieces of Sculpture and

WHAT is it that has made Miss Audrey Munson the undisputed "Queen of the Studios" for more than ten years?

Of the two hundred and more of the foremost artists and sculptors of the United States for whose masterpieces she has been the inspiration probably each one would give a different answer to the question.

Francis Jones found in her face the purity and sweetness he needed for the stained glass angels in the Church of the Ascension in New York; and the great MacMonnies found in her the inspiration for his voluptuous bacchanalian Sybarite. William Dodge used her bubbling vivacity for the "Spirit of Play" in the Amsterdam Theatre frescoes, and yet her serious dignity won for Adolph Weinman the prize in the competitive statues to adorn the top of the great New York Municipal Building—and there Audrey Munson stands as "Civic Fame," cast in copper, a gigantic figure twenty feet tall.

Sherry Fry could find no one to typify maidenly

innocence so well as Miss Munson, and his appealing "Maidenhood" hangs on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; but Allen Newman also found in her the inspiration for his "Southern Motherhood," which caps the pinnacle of the Capitol of the State of South Carolina, and yet for the sophisticated woman of the world the sculptress Evelyn Longman selected her for her "L'Amour" at the Metropolitan Museum. So, too, Konti modelled from her his charming "Widowhood," Wensel his charming but frivolous "Madame Butterfly," Pietro his "Suffering Humanity" and Adams his impressing and serious "Priestess of Culture."

From the carved caryatides which support the mantelpiece in the main saloon of Mr. Morgan's yacht the "Corsair," from the exquisite tapestries of Herter in the George Vanderbilt home, from the souvenir dollar of the San Francisco World's Fair, from the smiling water nymph on the edge of the pool in John D. Rockefeller's Tarrytown estate, from the stone angels on a hundred church and cathedral altars, from 24,000 feet of mural

decorations and scores of American Exposition, the Munson look down upon the homes of patrons of art.

Throughout the length of States, in libraries, museum country residences, public bridges, public squares and estates the most famous of is seen in endless variety.

Audrey Munson has written incidents and episodes behind the unknown history of the pieces in public and private eccentricities and methods treading tragedies of the pre balance to safeguard them mate atmosphere of the fascinating story will be to page.



Miss Lilyan Tashman in a costume that won a prize for "beauty combined with modesty" at the "Chu Chin Chow" Ball.

Photo by PETER A. JULEY

By Audrey Munson. CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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ON previous Sundays on these pages I have told how some of the world's most famous statues and paintings have been inspired and of the art life that weaves its spell of glamour around the studios and workshops of the artists whose names many succeeding generations will revere.

Of course, the world of art, like any other field of human endeavor, compasses a wide range of young, struggling artists, mediocre artists, a few truly great artists, and a few hangers-on who have no serious purpose, but like the atmosphere of the studios and enjoy spending their lives among the artists and models.

In Paris there is a separate world of artists—a quarter, called Montmartre, which is given over to them; a code of behavior applicable to them alone, laws of morality and temperament which would not be allowed to apply to anyone else. From all over the world students gather there to study under great masters, to practise in the Louvre and the Luxembourg and to attend life classes in great ateliers. Beautiful girls gather from all of France and Italy and offer themselves as models. Models and students become friends and playmates.

It is an ever changing world; new faces each day; new masters crowned at every exhibit; students returning to their native lands to begin quest of fame and fortune and others taking their places. Models grow old or fat and make permanent one of the love affairs which they happen to have at the moment of their dread realization that posing days are over.

In this busy world artists play a great deal—and their play is merry and harmless, just the exuberance of youth and relaxation, and so there is about them an atmosphere of real bohemia. I shall tell something of my experiences there later on and of the art life of Paris.

In America there is no such banding together, or separate existence, of artists and their models. New York

City is the acknowledged centre of America's art life, but there is no Montmartre. To-day in the whole of great New York there are not a score of artists worthy of the designation—if we think of artists as the French do, a man or woman of great ideals of great imagination and, above all, great talents worthy of honor by a nation and an academy and deserving of a separate chapter in future history. And in New York there are not, a famous artist told me but yesterday, six good models—six young women of beautiful form whose lines are properly proportioned and who possess that inherent grace which enables them to understand and interpret the mood a great artist wishes to fix upon a canvas or in bronze or marble destined to win fame.

Of these New York artists and their models the world knows but little. A new sculptured fountain in some conspicuous spot calls attention to the sculptor, and a new masterpiece of painting hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art or sold in one of the big Fifth avenue galleries calls attention to the name of the painter—thus a few great artists are known to the New York public. And the makers of the charming cover designs for the magazines, they, too, are known to the general public, and now and then

some romance or other news event brings into the public eye the name and features of one of the girls who perhaps has served as the model for one of the popular magazine illustrators.

Down in Greenwich Village are the long-haired Bohemian artists who try to imagine they are living in a sort of American Latin Quarter. There are also the great artists like Frederick MacMonnies, W. de Leftwich Dodge and Edwin H. Blashfield. These are the distinguished men who have arrived at mature years and are as settled and established as justices of the Supreme Court of the State.

There is also still another stratum of art life in New York—not the long-haired table d'hôte Bohemians of Greenwich Village, nor the distinguished masters whose works are in the museums. They are artists who do very creditable work and make a very good living. Many of them make their headquarters in a very modern studio hotel where they enjoy luxuries beyond the dreams of their Greenwich Village brothers—with Roman baths, studios of two floors with private ballrooms, balconies and niches. Here are newly made imitations of old Flemish hangings, and modern machine-made Oriental rugs are in abundance. On the lower floor of the building are public rooms—cafes by day and ballrooms by night.

In this building are given from time to time artists' balls, fetes and festivals which are staged by the artists themselves and their models. Sometimes the exuberance of spirit and freedom from conventionalities has brought these entertainments into public notice.

Let me tell of the experience of one girl model at one of these affairs, an experience which opened up the really very interesting problem of certain questions as to the costume of Eve. Circumstances brought this young woman, with her revelations, into a New York court the other day, and thus brought into the light something of that which is hidden usually behind the scenes.

Miss Marian Hurley, sweet of nature, demure, diminutive and pretty, is often spoken of as being the "most attractively formed young woman in New York." My readers will notice I say the most "attractively" formed young woman, and do not say a "perfectly" formed woman. There is a wide distinction. The real artists, whose names our succeeding generations will revere be-

cause of the marvelous things they have created in bronze, marble or on canvas, look for the "perfectly formed young woman," whose very beauty is a genuine ideal, and sometimes do not care for the merely "attractively formed young woman."

Yet Miss Hurley, because of a figure undeniably graceful, has been called upon quite often to pose for such men as MacMonnies, Herbert Adams and Daniel Erench. Unfortunately, however, her first experiences as a model were among the ludicrous poseurs of Greenwich Village, to whom the sale of a picture or a statue means only the assurance that for another month or so they may occupy their barren studios without interference by their landlords. From these employers she won promotion to the more prosperous artists.

Conscientious in her profession, Miss Hurley practised dancing in the hope of acquiring more of the plastic grace a successful model must possess. A MacMonnies or a Robert Aitken would have encouraged her in this devotion to her career solely because of the added value as a model it would give her. The artists who enjoy behemianism encouraged her to become a dancer for other reasons.

So when, just last December, announcements were sent broadcast in New York that on New Year's Eve New York's artists would be the patrons of a celebration at the Hotel Des Artistes' ball room, to be called "The Mecca Ball," it was fitting that it should also be announced that "Miss Marian Hurley, the artists' model, who is known to be the world's most perfectly formed woman," will be a feature of the festivities.

If it had not been for a very curious little disagreement which brought on a really classic discussion in the court, nobody would have ever known just what was to have been the piece de resistance, the crowning feature, the great artistic achievement of that New Year's ball.

It was Mr. Alexander Karten, who engages talent for such entertainments, who sought Miss Hurley, the pretty model, and arranged for her to take the leading part in the spectacular attractions of the ball. A misunderstanding arose and Miss Hurley's spectacle did not turn out as Mr. Karten had planned. Instead of paying Miss Hurley the \$125 she was to receive, he paid her only \$25. And it was to secure the payment of the promised, but unpaid, \$100 that the model went to court. To the judge Miss Hurley explained:

"Mr. Karten and I discussed what I should do as my part of the entertainment. I recalled the mythological legend about the goddess Aphrodite arising out of the ocean from an oyster shell, and we finally agreed that that ought to be an attractive feature. Mr. Karten suggested that fidelity to nature was truth, and that truth was the foundation of real art, and as Aphrodite came up out of the sea in a big shell just as she was born, there would not be any need to overdress the part with unnecessary clothes. The nearer I could come to Aphrodite's appearance as she emerged from the mythological oyster shell would be nearer to truth, and, therefore, nearer to true art, and that the artists and their guests at the entertainment would have no fault to find with my being just as truthful and artistic as convenient.

"After my emerging from the oyster shell I was to stay on the ballroom floor for the rest of the night dancing in my costume as Aphrodite. We discussed many of the details and it was agreed that, of course, I should wear bare feet and do my dancing bare-footed during the evening. I told Mr. Karten that it would make a fine entrance if he had me borne into the ballroom in the oyster shell on the shoulders of four big negroes dressed as oyster fishermen. Inside the shell I suggested that there should be various layers of colored chiffons, so attached that when the shell opened the chiffons would hide me. The chiffons would drop one by one, revealing my form more and more distinctly as the layers dropped, until at last I would be fully disclosed. Then I would bow, I said, and dance out with a diaphanous black lace piece loosely thrown about my hips. This, I was sure, would not be overdressing the part."

"That will be just the thing," Mr. Karten said to me.

"Use as little of the black lace as you may, though—and then dance around each table on the floor, up to the men and away from them before they can grab you.

Miss Hurley, her plans thus approved, was instructed to have photographs taken of herself in her dancing costume of a "piece of black lace," these photographs to be distributed to the guests at the ball as souvenirs. It is one of these photographs that is reproduced on this page.

When the momentous evening of the "Mecca Ball" arrived Miss Hurley appeared at the hotel and was assigned an "undressing room."

To the court, in the later proceedings, she said:

"When I had undressed and had draped the lace about me I looked around for the oyster shell and could not find it. I sent for Mr. Karten and asked him about it. He professed surprise that I should ask him such a question. 'Haven't you brought it along with you?' he asked. I told him I had not, and that I had not understood I was to furnish the shell; I understood only that I was to furnish myself, and with just as little else as possible. I had to do my dance without the oyster shell, and then Mr. Karten refused to pay me. He offered me twenty-five dollars, but I would not take that. It was his duty to provide the shell."

"The question then," said the Judge, turning to Mr. Charles Hess, the lawyer for Miss Hurley, "summers down to the question as to whose duty it was to produce the oyster shell?"

"Yes, your Honor," replied Lawyer Hess.

"It is contended by Mr. Karten that the oyster shell was a part of the costume of the act and therefore should have been supplied by Miss Hurley."

"Yes, your Honor."

"It is maintained by Miss Hurley, the model, that the oyster shell was a part of the stage setting or paraphernalia of the act and not a part of the costume of the performer and, therefore, not incumbent upon her to provide?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Now, then," said the Judge, solemnly turning his eyes toward the ceiling, "let us see if we can reason out this problem by analogy. Suppose Miss Hurley had been engaged to play the part of Eve."

"Yes, your Honor."

"Would the fig leaf which Eve wore in the Garden of Eden be a necessary part of the act?"

"We think it would, your Honor."

"Would the fig leaf be a part of the costume of the part or of the paraphernalia or stage property of the part?"

"Clearly the fig leaf of Eve in the Garden of Eden would have been an essential part of her costume and not a piece of scenery or paraphernalia."

"Since, therefore," his Honor pursued, "a fig leaf or any other historical or mythological garment which is a necessary part to portray the character is in the nature of a costume, it is the duty of the person representing that character to provide the fig leaf or characteristic portion of the costume? In the case of Eve the fig leaf was essential and necessary to identify her as Eve. And is the oyster shell so inseparably associated with the mythological character of Aphrodite that it must be a part of the ensemble in order to properly characterize the character?"

"No, your Honor," cried Lawyer Hess. "It is unthinkable and impossible to contemplate Eve in the Garden of Eden without the historical fig leaf, yet we contend that the history of literature and art and sculpture shows conclusively, beyond peradventure of doubt, that Aphrodite can be and is and for centuries has been portrayed in sculpture and in painting throughout the galleries of the world without the oyster shell."

"But the statuary and paintings you refer to of Aphrodite were of the goddess in after-life and in subsequent situations—not at the time of her emergence from the sea in the oyster shell," remarked the judge.

"Yes, your Honor, that is true. But we contend that for the purposes of the scenic effect of the appearance of